cared she could have been suicidal.

They didn't want Gladys to know. Gladys wasn't supposed to know if one of them had a tooth ache. Gladys didn't care and either way I got to work with Adam. Most of the time I worked for him too. I would bake cookies, cook chicken breasts and do roasts at night, things Babs never attempted. The whole house benefited, but the whole house never thanked me. Adam told me how much he appreciated it. Once after I'd worked a week of midnights, Adam told me how much he was going to miss my help after Babs got back. He said he didn't know why the company didn't fire her and hire a security guard at minimum wage. That's all she was.

I make strong coffee. I steam the milk in a Pyrex measuring cup and pour it over the coffee in a glass. I have that while I type something on my lap-top. Then I go for a walk, usually to the Sally Anne at Lansdowne and the Goodwill at the end of Thing Street. Most of the customers should be committed. They're certifiable.

Today an old guy bothered me at the Sally Anne. He was very nosy about a Yashika movie camera that I was examining. He obviously wanted it for himself, so he started to give me all kinds of advice. He said I wouldn't be able to get film for it, it didn't have any batteries, etc. When I walked down an aisle to escape him, I heard him tell the cashier to watch me, I was going to steal it. That made me angry. I walked up to the counter, told the man to shut his